The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 13.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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"I come from hevin to tell
The best nowellis that ever befell;
To you this tythings trew I bring,
And I will of them say and sing."

SO caroled the "waits" at daybreak on Christmas mornings long ago, ushering in with their story of the Savior's birth the merrimentof yule-tide. Yet in the mad carnival lasting from the twenty-fifth of December till Twelfth Night, when the Lord of Misrule and his wild crew held undisputed sway, presiding at the great feasts, directing the songs of the minstrels and the pranks of the jugglers, taking the lead in boisterous games under the holly and the mystic misletoe, and turning the castle hall into a scene of rude revelry, there was little else than the echo of the morning carols to recall the "tythings trew" which the Christmas-tide should bring.

The contrast between the mediæval and the Puritan Christmas is a marked one, but the stern severity that closed the churches and frowned upon holly and misletoe as symbols of sedition becomes the blessed season as little as the Saturnalian revels of an earlier date. From our modern festival, curious compound as it is of the customs of many lands, we have excluded the rudeness as well as the austerity of our fore fathers, and regarding it less as a holiday than a holyday, have given to the observance of Christmas its real significance. In this age we profess to celebrate the day in commemoration of Him whose advent was to all men "good tidings of great joy," and that it may fulfil its purpose, it should be kept in such a spirit that every Christmas night may see men happier and nobler for the gracious, loving deeds that have been done since Christmas Eve. Surely the season is too holy to be desecrated by selfish thoughts, too sacred to be the witness of insincerity in word or act. Yet is there not a danger lest, in our extreme practicality, we may lose the blessedness of our Christmas-tide by converting it into a great market-day, when exchange of valuable presents is the business of the hour? Our humorous papers hint that we have forgotten the true spirit of the time and are guilty of treating Christmas customs as empty forms, observed merely at the dictates of polite society. A grave charge this, but one in which there is too much truth. Gifts that are not tokens of affection and esteem have no value. Every gift prompted by an unworthy motive but helps to make all gifts meaningless, or what is worse, indicative of no noble sentiment. And what more revolting thought than that of a holiday devoted to the giving and receiving of gifts that should say, not, "I am sent to tell of the donor's love," but

"I am sent in return for a handsome present received last year!"

Love that shrinks from insincerity, and sincerity that shrinks from a false display of affection are necessary before the Christmas of this modern time can, more truly than that of any bygone age, proclaim "good will towards men" and in its slightest observances speak to every lonely soul of

"The best nowellis that ever befell."

THE MADONNA.

I.—*Scribner's Magazine, December*, 1888.

The years may enter not the shrine:
Forever fair and young she stands,
And with her gracious, girlish hands
Folds tenderly the child divine.

Her lips are warm with mother-love
And blessedness, and from her eyes
Looks the mute, questioning surprise
Of one who hears a voice above

Life's voices,—from the throng apart,
Listens to God's low-whispered word
(Strange message by no other heard)
And keeps his secret in her heart.

Sweet maiden-mother, years have fled
Since the great painter dropped his brush,
Left earth's loud praise for heaven's kind hush,
While men bewailed him, early dead,—

Yet mothers kneel before thee still
Uplifting happy hearts; or wild
With cruel loss, reach toward thy child
Void arms for the Christ-love to fill.

Time waits without the sacred spot
Where fair and young the mother stands;
Time waits, and bars with jealous hands
The door where years may enter not.

II.—(*Not previously printed.*)

Madonna mia! if in truth
Our Raphael from heaven's palaces
Might lean across the centuries
That have not marred his glorious youth,

Nor dimmed the lustre of his hair,
Nor dulled his pencil, rather grown
Diviner, working near God's throne,
Even he might find a study fair

As his last frescoe in the skies,
Might pause untouched of mortal taint
One infinite half hour to paint
The motherhood in your dear eyes.

Ellen Burroughs.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

A black night; starless; without a moon. A wind whizzing through the pines in the back woods, and sweeping screamingly over the beach. A tossing lake, rolling restlessly up over the sand, and sinking back, and rolling up again. A few bath houses, standing shivering, with their feet in the water at the end of fishing piers. A row of disconsolate houses, sleepy, cold, deserted, with only the hammock hooks in the gallery posts to tell a tale of summer and sunny idleness.

At one end of the deserted row a house, alight; at the other end, a light in a house; one light, and that held by a woman standing in the open door.

A little woman in a faded brown gingham wrapper; a little woman, with a large face, wrinkled and grayish: and hair that was wrinkled and grayish too; and eyes that were gray like hearth ashes, and gave forth sparks.

She stood there looking out, and over her face flitted a queer little affected society smile that settled round the lips a minute and then went away; and the gray eyes opened wide with a sad, self-pitying look, and then that was gone, and she went in and closed the door.

Twenty one Christmas Eves since the first one! Twenty one winters that she and her son had lived there in the deserted village that never was built for winter at all, but only for summer and sunshine. And when the summer residents saw her they shook their heads and said they didn't wonder; it was enough to make anybody so, with the loneliness, and ghostliness, and storminess of the winter. She was not insane, they could not say exactly that; but she was not sane; only an unhappy medium, a sad something that she could feel, and everybody else could feel, and that never could be set right anymore.

She had wandered about the house all day, with a vacant look on her face that was worse than the little smile, or even the wide-eyed, perplexed, self-pity. She had seen the little steamboat land at the wharf, and had been quite excited on learning that the family who owned the house at the other end of the village, the only two story house on the beach, had come over from the city to spend Christmas in their summer home. She had watched two of the small grandchildren as they trotted along

the beach, and had treated them to the funny little smile, just as if they had been one yard instead of a hundred yards away. She had spoken many times to a figure on the bed in an inner room, and had received no answer. She had sent the colored man down to his cabin near the wharf; and now in the evening she stood in the old house with the lamp in her hand, and turned round and round, throwing the light in every corner.

Then she set the lamp on a table, and darting to the door opened it and went out down the garden path, through the gate, and up the beach.

Nothing over her head, nothing over her shoulders; the thin brown gingham flapping round her feet. Up the beach, blown along by the wind, ankle-deep in the sand at every step; past the dark houses, to the house alight at the end of the village. Through the gate, and up the path between the rose bushes, to the gallery and the door. Here she stopped, and looked through the narrow pane of glass at the side of the door, into the square hall.

Grandmothers, grandfathers, uncles, aunts, mothers, fathers, sons, daughters, cousins, grandchildren, all silent and breathless. The little woman had arrived at a critical moment.

Santa Claus had come, and beside him on a chair stood a little girl with great brown eyes and a pale face, looking, in frightened fascination at the furry floury figure before her.

"I heard that a little girl lived here who could sing, and I have come to see if it is so. Do you know that little girl?"

All this from Santa Claus looking steadily into the brown eyes.

A moment of silence and breathless suspense, on the part of the anxious relatives, and the small child clasped her hands before her and sang in the clearest, sweetest baby voice:

"We Three Kings of Orient are."

Three verses and the chorus; and the brave little voice shook only once through it all.

A gust of wind came through the open door, and there in the doorway stood the little woman in the brown gingham; and she tossed her arms above her head, and cried:

"O my son, my son!"

The song ended in a frightened wail, and Santa Claus said:

"Great Scott!"

The expression on the little woman's face had changed, and she was advancing with a society air of apology.

She spoke rapidly, illustrating with gestures, and all the while glancing around suspiciously as if she half feared laughter, or mocking, somewhere.

She told them with her queer little smile, that she was sorry to intrude; that her son was ill, and there was no one to send for the doctor: that her son had been ill for three days, and would eat nothing. Again, with an air of mystery and some delight, that she didn't believe the doctor would know what the matter was with him; but, triumphantly, she knew, she alone. All this, told rapidly, peculiarly, but with no hesitation from lack of words.

She ended by saying she had perhaps better return to him, as he might need something, and—with an evident unconsciousness of having done anything peculiar—she had left him alone.

The family looked aghast at this, and some offered to go back with her; while Santa Claus had already gone out to catch the pony which had been left over the lake for the winter.

They went with her; some of the aunts and two of the uncles, and three of the small nephews: with the wind in their faces.

And they chattered and asked questions, and swung their lanterns, and one of the small nephews fell over a sleepy cow; and it was so different from the walk up the beach, when the little woman had been alone and without a light.

But they found things worse than they had expected. The son lay on his bed, pale and silent, with no strength or desire even to turn and look at them.

One of the aunts told her husband that it was her belief that the old lady had poisoned him.

Everybody spoke in whispers.

The small nephews peered into the dark corners and wished they hadn't come.

And the man lay there white and silent and sinking away.

When Santa Claus and the doctor arrived, everyone looked relieved. But the doctor was puzzled. It was the queerest case he had ever had; he couldn't see what was the matter with the man.

But one thing was certain; he was dying, he had no vitality.

He said all this in a low tone, lest the mother might hear; but she came up to him and led him into a corner, and said, with her eyes wide and glistening, and her voice full of mystery:

"Doctor, he is ill, yes. And perhaps dying. Yes. But do you know why it is? It is from love, he is dying from love."

She bent forward theatrically:

"Love of a girl!"

The doctor looked at the grayish wrinkled face with his cool professional air, and remarked dryly:

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, she will not marry him, and he is dying: it is true."

Again the stage-like air:

"And she will be his murderess!"

The doctor looked mildly amused; but he consulted with the aunts and uncles; asked the girl's name; looked at the man again, and said they might as well send for the girl and see if there were any truth in the story.

And there was truth. All truth.

It was long past midnight when they brought her there; a pretty, black-eyed, silly little French girl from back in the pine woods somewhere; who wept much, and threw herself down by the bed, and poured forth her repentance, with many French phrases.

And the man looked at her, and smiled, and spoke to her. And after that he took a little broth.

And when the little woman went to the door with the aunts and uncles, and sleepy small nephews, as they started home in the black darkness just before dawn, she held the light above her head and illuminated her queer smile as she said with great polish of manner:

"It has been a delightful evening, I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much; do come again soon."

And they laughed all the way up the beach, and woke up everybody in the two story house by screaming.

"Merry Christmas."

But the next day at the Christmas dinner, how they did talk! and how many comments they made! as:

"Its my opinion his mother's peculiarity is breaking out in him in a new way."

And:

"Nobody but a crank would think of dying of love."

And:

"Poor little girl, she'll have a peculiar type of mother-in-law."

Till the small child with the pale face and great brown eyes, gave them something else to think about, as she leaned her elbow on the table and said meditatively:

"Mother, last night Santa Claus said 'Great Scott,' just like my father."

Florence Converse, '92.

A CAROL.

Standard of the Cross.

O'er the silent meadows,
  O'er the sleeping town,
O'er the murmuring forest
  Pours a radiance down;
'Tis a starry splendor
  Glorifying night,
Shepherds, kings and sages
  Wonder at the sight.

See, Oh kings and shepherds,
  Magis from afar,
Cradled in a manger
  Israel's Morning Star!
And through parted heavens
  Lo! the angelic throng
Voice their adoration
  In triumphant song.

O'er the silent meadows
  Floats the joyful strain;—
O'er the murmuring forest
  List! it comes again,
"Glory in the highest!"
  Hark! oh sleeping town,
"Peace, good will"—the blessing
  Still to earth comes down.

Still the starry wonder
  Of that long-past night
Gleams adown the ages
  Filling all with light;
And all Nature, joining,
  Swells the anthem still,—
"Glory in the highest,—
  On earth, peace, goodwill."

Harriet Brewer.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring but a quiet old mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In a row long enough to make Santa Claus swear.

Both parents and children were snug in their beds,
For no thought of mischief had entered their heads.

But this wide-awake mouse had come out of his hole,
Intent upon stealing. 'Twas often he stole.

He had left his three little ones tucked in their cribs,
To dream of the sweets that should tickle their ribs.

His wife, having hung up their socks white and black,
Was waiting to fill them when he should get back.

Mr. Mouse ventured carefully over the floor,
And hid near a chimney behind a large door.

He scarcely was hidden and chuckling with glee,
To think what a wonderful sight he should see,—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
As to make his tail shake and his heart pitty-patter.

He listened awhile to a sound overhead,
'Twas the rasping and scraping of Santa Claus' sled.

Then he heard up the chimney a rattle and thump,
And down came St. Nick with a bang and a bump.

He was dressed in soft fur from his head to his foot,
And the chimney had made him a suit all of soot.

A bundle of things he had strapped to his back,
Which he dumped on the floor with a business like whack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!
And the end of his nose was as blue as a berry.

His beard it was white, and his hair it was sleek,
And a great streak of soot covered half of his cheek.

He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings like a fancy store clerk.

After looking in vain for a boost from behind,
And taking a breath, up the chimney he climbed.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a yell,
And away they all flew, helter-skelter, pell-mell.

In the silence that followed, the mouse ventured out,
And attacked the first stocking, 'twas of woolen and stout.

But his sharp, little teeth soon provided a hole,
And in 'mongst the contents the sly fellow stole.

He sampled the nuts and the candies and cake,
And proceeded a pile of these goodies to make.

Then loaded and carried them home in a trice,
To gladden his wife and the three little mice.

The stockings they filled and then bedward they crept,
And the mischievous mouse and his family slept.

While far through the air came the voice of St. Nick.
"Merry Christmas to all and don't make yourselves sick."

Grace E. Grenell, '94.

THE LAMSON COLLECTION.

Since we heard from Dr. Edwards of the buried treasures of Egypt, we have doubtless felt a sense of regret that our new world could afford nothing of interest to the artist and archæologist, equal to the wonderful land of the Nile. But tangible proof of the error of such regret came to us last week in the shape of a most interesting and valuable collection of pottery, the generous gift of Mrs. John S. Lamson of New York. This collection, by which our Art School is greatly enriched, consists of thirty-six pieces of pottery, a selection from a large collection unearthed some years ago, in an ancient cemetery in Chiriqui, the most western division of the Isthmus of Panama. The graves in which they were found, lie scattered over the foot hills of the Pacific slope of Mt. Chiriqui, and form a vast cemetery, lying about thirty miles northwest of David the chief town of the district.

The general color of the pottery there found is of a light red or terra cotta, though a few pieces are dark brick red, and some of a good black. The material is exceedingly porous and frangible, and the glazing, when used, resembles that found on Greek and Italo-Greek pottery and is thin and of a luster that might be produced by hand polishing.

The specimens are chiefly jars and tripods with a few small articles, probably toys, such as rattles, whistles, etc. The jars with few exceptions are round, and are in most cases provided with a narrow mouth. In general they are furnished with knobs or handles for lifting, in which, in many instances, a rude attempt is made to represent a figure, a favorite form being a crouching monkey. In every case the jar is round or slightly pointed at the bottom, and thus cannot stand on a smooth surface, but must be pressed into the earth or placed upon a tripod. This interesting detail recalls resemblances in Assyrian, Etruscan and Greek vessels.

The tripods are a unique form of pottery found

in large numbers. They consist of a ring of pottery, supported on three legs, shaped in every instance like milk-weed pods. These legs in many cases are hollow, having a slit down the length, through which may be seen a ball of clay, which moves freely within. The use of the tripods may have been either to support the jars over the coals for cooking purposes, or placed in a pan of water to keep the food contained from insects. A clever theory has been suggested as to the use of the hollow, open legs, that they served as a sort of insect trap, some sweet, sticky substance being placed within the slit, to allure unwary insects on their way to the contents of the dish above.

The ornamentation is extremely rude and simple. In the unglazed ware it consists of scratches and markings in the clay before baking. In the glazed articles, linear patterns and some brush work are found in black, white and red. The designs for the most part are rude, though some small pieces have a linear decoration of much grace and intricacy. No trace of animal form, either natural or conventionalized,is to be found in any of the painted decoration.

Among the thirty-six pieces of which the Wellesley Art School is the favored recipient, may be found specimens illustrating most of the important characteristics of this early Central American pottery. Yale College possesses a similar collection. The value of such a collection cannot but be great to students of the early history of this continent, while all who have even a slight knowledge of the forms and characteristics of the early work of other countries will perceive the opportunities here offered for the study of comparative decoration and design. *Ethel Paton.*

A BIRD CALENDAR.

December.

On one of the balmy, dreamy days which stray into our latitude like angel's visits, I wandered out aimlessly "on nothing intent" as Goethe says. After all, one is quite as likely to see or hear something worth while when going out in this way as when one sets forth armed with opera-glass and note-book and in a scientific frame of mind. Birds are such erratic and baffling creatures; they call and you must follow, and what a chase they sometimes lead the observer!

On this particular day I was attracted first by the sharp, insect-like note of the tiny Brown Creeper who is about the size of my thumb and so nearly the color of a mottled tree-trunk that he is almost invisible, especially as he plays a perpetual game of hide and seek. Suddenly a decided rattle caught my ear, coming from the bank of the lake. Was it a King-fisher? Down the hill I crept as quietly as possible, but what a noise every leaf makes when one is trying to be still! Each call was farther off and finally I was left in the lurch, standing at the water's edge with a most beautiful sunset in the sky and lake before me. Perhaps this was all I came for after all. No, there he is again, coming across, and there is the large head and white belt around the neck proving him to be the belted King-fisher, the "halcyon."

Surely this was a halcyon day. Though the halcyon, like the phœnix, belongs more to mythology. According to Aristotle, the halcyon sits for seven days before the winter solstice and brings out her brood for seven days after; and during those days the sea is tranquil and safe.

The scientific name of the King-fisher, *Ceryle Alcyon*, is doubly poetic, being suggestive not only of the fabled halcyon, but also of that other unknown Greek bird the *Cerylos*, immortalized in the following lines of the poet Aleman in his old age: "No longer, sweet-voiced, melodious maidens, can my feeble limbs bear me up: would that I were a cerylos-bird who with care-free heart skims along the wreathéd wave, sporting with the halcyons, a purple bird of spring!"

The eggs of the King-fishers, like those of the Wood-peckers, are a pure crystalline white with a glazed surface like the most exquisite porcelain.

The day of the first snow-storm was grey and chill and forbidding; a day to make one hover around the fire and try to forget the outside world in the society of a favorite poet or a favorite friend. There is a kind of cold which stirs and invigorates the blood and stings the languid powers to better endeavor; but there is also the cold which seems to check all the springs of action and feeling and put leaden weights on body and spirit. On such a day a wild, harsh note reached my inattentive ears even through closed windows. Who would not

start at that clarion? Far up in the dim, grey wilderness of storm the wild geese are flying southward. There is a certain grace in that wavering V-shaped column, and though there is no sweetness in their note, there is a touch of the heroic and martial.

Steadily they hold their course in the desolate heavens, breasting the wind as good ships do the sea. "Behold the flying creatures of the air." At the sight of them we are conscious of something within us which tugs at the moorings and longs to be off. It is the old year which we are watching out of sight, and it will not return with the birds.

A. C. Chapin.

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

"Then, Alice, is our love for each other to count for nothing?"

No, O no! but, Harvey, is love everything?"

"In our case I think it is, for we have only each other. Do you realize what your life will be when we are separated?"

"Yes, only too well. O, Harvey! be merciful, do not tempt me. I am weak, but I know there is only one right way to take. Do not make it harder for me."

The speakers were Harvey Wolston and the woman whom he loved, Alice Blakeslee. They were together in a room which was cheery enough with its plants in the window, the bird stirring sleepily in its cage, and the bright fire burning on the hearth. One would not notice, at first, that the carpet was threadbare, the furniture covered with severely repellent hair-cloth and the walls hung with portraits strongly marked by a prevailing family likeness of deep melancholy.

But this evening one would not think of the room at all, for interest in the two who occupied it. The young man was walking restlessly up and down, evidently strongly moved. He was not handsome; perhaps, among many, he would not have attracted a second glance, unless help were needed. Then it would be seen that the blue eyes were clear and frank, and the face that of a man to be trusted.

Alice was sitting in a low chair near the table, her whole figure drooping. She was never called pretty by those about her. Harvey alone knew how deep and tender were the grey eyes under the long lashes, and how a delicate flush could come to the fair cheek and a soft radiance shine from the the whole face. Looking at her sometimes when her face was thus lighted up, he would say to himself under his breath, "Madonna, Madonna," for there was poetry in the soul of this quiet, self-contained man of business. Alice's lips were tremulous to-night, but, in spite of it, they closed themselves firmly, and her lover, watching her, fell sick at heart, knowing that she would not yield to his desire. Indeed, though he would not acknowledge it to himself, in his heart of hearts he knew she would be almost lowered in his eyes by such yielding.

Their love for each other was no boy and girl passion. Neither of them was very young, for Harvey was thirty-five and Alice, at twenty-eight was called old by the young girls of the village. Five years before she had come, a desolate stranger, to the home of her father's old uncle and aunt. They had given her but a cold welcome and, wholly absorbed in themselves, had never loved her. They regarded her presence as a necessary evil, but were willing to accept every service from her without even gratitude in return. She had supported herself by teaching the village school, but while faithful in her work, she did not love it. Her pupils, with the keen insight of childhood, felt this, and though they respected and liked her, they did not lavish upon her the love of their childish hearts.

Into this lonely life, three years before, had come the love of Harvey Wolston, the only person in the neighborhood capable of appreciating the depth and sweetness of the nature hidden under the quiet reserve. Since they had known that they loved each other, Alice's life had been one sweet song to her, and her nature had blossomed into perfume. That they could not marry for the present, had not disturbed her. They had their love and she was content to wait.

But now Harvey's opportunity had come. An appointment had been offered him in a distant western city, and his dream of a happy little home might become a reality. Alas for bright anticipations! In the five years, the old uncle and aunt had grown feeble and were now dependent upon Alice for support. They did not need her presence, as a relative, for whom they cared much more, was

willing to make her home with them, but she could only provide for herself and on Alice fell the burden of daily needs.

This evening, Harvey, eager and excited, had brought to Alice the news of his happy prospects, and after her first self-forgetful joy of sympathy in his delight, she had laid before him the stern facts.

"Harvey, it is my duty. How can I leave them to suffer? We would not be able to support them with your salary and I cannot desert them."

"But, Alice, they have no real claim upon you, for they have never loved you nor done anything for you."

"They have no claim upon anyone else, and the love makes no difference. After all I am their own flesh and blood and they must not suffer."

"But do you remember that this means years of separation for us, no one knows how many? Yet you can sit there and talk calmly with your 'must nots' and 'cannots;' I do not believe you care."

She dropped her face into her hands with a little wail, "O, Harvey! care!"

He was at her side in a moment, "My darling, forgive me. I hardly know what I say, I know it is harder for you than for me, and that is what hurts me. I cannot bear to leave you to your cheerless life here. How will you endure it?"

She raised her eyes to his and her face was calm though pale, "I could not endure a life of ease for myself, knowing that I had deliberately put aside the duty placed before me. We shall be apart, but we shall still have each other, and in God's good time we shall come together again. Let us be brave and strong and have trust in each other. I sometimes think love is everything, but it is the unselfish love that hallows all the duties of every-day life, not the love that must make everything bend to itself."

They had risen and were standing close together. Alice's voice trembled a little in spite of her brave words, for she knew the time had come to say good-night and there could be but one more meeting before the final parting. She clung to Harvey silently as he held her in his arms and stooped to kiss her, murmuring: "God bless you, my Alice, I know you are right, but it is hard!" Then, unable to say more, he gently loosened the clinging hands and was gone.

Alice stood for a moment where he had left her, then went mechanically back into the room, straightened the furniture, picked up some threads from the carpet, covered the fire and put out the light. It was not until she reached her own little room that the sorrow of the coming separation overcame her and she sank upon her knees by her bed, echoing her lover's words: "It is hard, it is hard!" In dumb misery she lay there, not weeping, hardly thinking, till she was roused by the sound of the bells ringing cheerily across the snow to usher in another Christmas Day. Then she crept wearily to bed, and finally fell into a troubled sleep.

Christmas morning dawned clear and beautiful, but little of its brightness found a home in Alice's heart. She did not dream of wavering in her purpose, but the sacrifice was a bitter one, and the peace which follows self-surrender had not yet come to her. She tried to be cheerful at the breakfast-table and listened with attention to the long catalogue of aches and pains which Uncle John and Aunt Martha had endured since the evening before. As usual, she did not dispute the conclusion that all would have gone better if she had only done something or other in a little different way.

Before they had risen from the table, Alice was summoned to the door to be greeted by the blithe hearty voice of a neighbor, saying, "Merry Christmas to you all! I had to go to the village this morning for something the women folks wanted and I thought I might as well bring along this letter for your uncle."

A letter was not a very common thing in the Blakeslee household and Uncle John received it with interest. It would have been considered great disrespect for Alice to leave the room before it was read, so she sat listlessly by, her thoughts with Harvey and her heart grieving more for his disappointment and pain than for her own. But as her uncle slowly deciphered the words, her attention came suddenly back as she heard him say "three thousand dollars," and she listened with almost painful interest to the rest of the formal letter of the lawyer, announcing to Uncle John the death of a brother who had left him three thousand dollars. He and his wife could hardly believe themselves the owners of such a fortune and had to discuss it in all its aspects. Finally, Aunt Martha said in her querulous voice, "Alice, I should think you might

say something. I suppose you don't care that at last some good fortune has come to us and that now we can have some comfort." How could poor Aunt Martha know that Alice's heart was dancing within her, and that she felt like clapping her hands and crying, "Goody, goody" as she had done in her childhood days? She knew what that money meant for her, the change from a lonely, uncongenial life, with those who seemed almost to dislike her, to a little peaceful home of her own, where she could live her life in all its fullness, in an atmosphere of trust and love. But this great blessing was almost overshadowed by the thought of the evening's delight when she could tell Harvey and see joy take the place of sorrow in his heart. No wonder she sang softly to herself as she went about her work, and her steps were as light as her heart, and the Christmas joy was all about her and within her.

The evening came at last and, as Alice took her work to wait for her lover, the very fire seemed to burn more brightly in sympathy with her, and the bird roused himself to sing a drowsy little song. Though she tried to subdue herself and keep the joy out of her eyes, as Harvey entered, he could not but feel some change in the atmosphere and resent it a little, while insensibly his heart grew lighter.

They seemed for a little while to avoid the subject which lay uppermost in their thoughts and talked of indifferent things. At last he took her hand and placed a plain gold ring on her finger, saying, "It is my Christmas gift, Alice. You know I have never given you a ring, for we did not need an outward sign of our love, but now that I am to be—" his voice trembled a little and he was silent. Alice answered "I have a gift for you, also, but not just now. First tell me once more about the place where you are going, and do you really wish very much that I were going with you!"

"Alice, how can you ask me that? You know my heart's desire, you know what the thought of that little home has been to me, and now it must all be given up. Do not let us talk of it, I cannot bear it," and he ended with a groan, thinking of the parting that must soon come.

All Alice's carefully prepared speeches by which she meant to raise his hopes to the highest point and then crown them with her wonderful news, fled to the winds. She slipped down to the floor by his side and laid her head on his knee, crying, "O, Harvey! take me with you, take me with you. God has opened the way for us and we can be together, forever. That is my Christmas gift for you" and though she had not shed a tear in all the sorrow of the expected separation, she burst out sobbing like a little child in her great happiness.

Hardly understanding in his surprise what she had said, Harvey tenderly quieted her and by degrees she told him her whole happy story. The joy of it calmed them, and a stranger looking in upon them would not have realized that their life had been lifted to-night out of the shadow into the glory of hope. They talked quietly of their future plans, the simple, little wedding that must come the next day and the arrangements for their journey. But as they parted Harvey said solemnly, "May God bless our life together, dear, and make me worthy of my Christmas gift!"

Caroline Strong. (*Special.*)

COLLEGE TRAINING AS APPLIED TO HOUSEKEEPING.

For many years the newspapers have been exhausting their wit upon the subject of the college girl in the housekeeping department. When ever jokes were scarce one was put in about the college-bred housekeeper reading Browning so busily that she forgot to order any dinner, or fainting because the cook didn't use correct English. These remarks have been treated by the college girl with the silent contempt which they deserved. Perhaps she remembered that many great people have been, first laughed at, then admired, then imitated, and so was willing to pass through the first stage that she might be ready for the second. However that may be, the number of these newspaper paragraphs is decreasing. The college girl is showing the world that when she graduates she is not only able to take her place in any of the professions, but she can also take care of a house much better with her college training than she could without it. Her housekeeping experience again shows the truth of the time honored saying about the value of a trained mind. She has all the equipments of a good housekeeper except a knowledge of cooking.

That knowledge is easily acquired however, and with the friendly aid of Marion Harland or Miss Parloa she may invite the funniest man from "Life's" able corps to visit her domain and even take dinner with her; he will find nothing about which he can place a joke at her expense in the next week's issue of the paper.

Let us look at a few of the difficulties which beset a young housekeeper and see how the college girl is prepared to meet them. Her first requisite is confidence in herself, not conceit, but a firm belief that she can conquer ordinary obstacles. This assurance the housekeeper must have and the college girl has honestly acquired it, or if she ever does hesitate she has but to look at her diploma and think of the safely passed examinations it represents. In comparison with the difficulty of those examinations the problems of managing servants, marketing, etc., seem easy. She hesitates no longer but goes straight on to victory, for in housekeeping, as in most other things, the battle is half won when one feels confident of winning it.

At College, as at no other place, does a young girl have to rely upon and believe in herself. It requires years of experience for the majority of housekeepers to gain that confidence in their ability to conquer varied obstacles which the college girl has when she graduates.

Another dragon which often attacks young housekeepers and causes them many hours of grief is brought to life by an over-estimation of trifles. A piece of tough meat sold by a designing man at the market, or the discovery of some dust in the parlor while callers are present often causes her the same bitter tears which the college girl shed when she failed in her Freshman mathematics recitation or drew the wrong conclusions from her Chemistry experiments. The housekeeper feels the same bitter mortification and disgrace that the student felt. The student shed her tears in College and received the training which enables her to join in the laugh which is sure to follow the trifling blunders which she may make in her early housekeeping days. She learned at College that her reputation as a good student was not lost because of a few mistakes, so, as a housekeeper she can profit by her blunders knowing that they only mean assistance in doing better next time.

A college training is again valuable to the housekeeper in that, by it she has learned to highly estimate the virtue of being "on time." It is difficult for a girl to leave College without having become thoroughly convinced of the value of being prompt in keeping appointments. She may have groaned at doing things by the stroke of a bell, but she groaned more when those bells didn't ring on time. Any one whose duty it has ever been to ring thecollege bells knows how highly all the girls value the idea of promptness; for instant and numerous are the complaints which reach her if the bell fails to ring at exactly the appointed time. This appreciation of promptness makes the college trained housekeeper have her dinners served on time. If there is a masculine member to her family this fact of never having to wait for dinner adds greatly to the happiness of all concerned. How ever good tempered a man usually is, he *will* get impatient if he often has to wait for his dinner after the time when it should be ready.

College also teaches a girl to have a method in making her appointments. Many a young housekeeper has come to grief because so much work would accumulate for one day while upon others there would be comparatively little to be done. Servant girls say this can't be helped. The college girl has not wrestled with schedules and finally arranged them during four years time without knowing that it *can* be helped. In fact, the household work can be equally distributed through the week with much less difficulty than could her college engagements.

It has often been said that the college girl will not be content to busy herself with the cares of a quiet home life. She is said to desire a larger sphere. This is a charge which she must and does refute. She is the very one who can most easily content herself in what seems to be a quiet place. Her college training has taught her to see so many things to do, not only in her home, but outside it as well, that she has no time to sigh for "more worlds to conquer." In the confessions of about twenty college graduates now quietly "at home," not one complained because she couldn't find enough to do. On the contrary, all of them felt that they might do much more, right where they were, and all of them were happy. Being happy themselves they

were in the right condition to make others so. One cannot be a successful housekeeper and make a happy home without being contented and happy in the house.

Much has been said and written about a college training being of no help to one in cooking and marketing. This argument, however, is usually employed only for the purpose of showing wit, and is not a very telling one. At the present time a cook book can be bought for a trifling cost, which gives complete and minute instructions in the arts of cooking and marketing. A college training enables a girl to read and apply these instructions understandingly just as much as it assists her to grasp the ideas given in other books. With her eye trained to observation and a short time of experience she can do her marketing guided only by common sense.

If a girl can't make a greater success of her housekeeping for the B. A. or B. S. at the end of her name, her college course has been a failure and she will not be apt to succeed in anything unless it is the merely telling others what she herself has found in books.

Of course, all college graduates can't be spared for housekeepers, the world needs them too much in other places. They have many talents for other courses in life. But when a college girl's duty calls her to take care of a home she is able to respond to the call and she will no more leave her college training behind her than she does when she enters one of the professions. *Mae. Calista McCauley, '88.*

SWARTHMORE LETTER.

Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa., Nov. '89.

About twelve miles from Philadelphia, on a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, lies the village of Swarthmore. Perhaps village is too presuming a title for a scattered collection of houses, since it is a place of residences only. Trade has not yet come to Swarthmore and one has a sense of relief and freedom at being thus left deserted by the hurrying, crowding, bustling world. Our Post Office does not send money orders; no bank cashes our checks; no doctor or lawyer is here to remind us that health fails and neighbors are unfriendly. For all connection with the commercial world we go to Media—the third station if one goes by rail, a three mile tramp if one feels energetic enough to go by road. It is a pleasant walk with, earlier in the season, the most delicious bit of splendid trees, showing clear and soft in the serene Autumn atmosphere; to the lover of trees perhaps they are no less effective now as they stand stripped and bare against the cold sky of November. And Philadelphia is so near that one runs into town at will as trains are frequent and the ride a short one.

We rejoice in two public buildings, the station and the Post Office. The station is pretty, as are all the stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is presided over by a perfect monument of good-nature who is also the Adams Express Company for Swarthmore, and who takes the constant iteration: "Has my package come?" with unfailing suavity. The Post Office is a mite of a building about as big as a pocket handkerchief with boxes and delivery window and letter box and all equipments just like a real live Post Office, for one can never make this seem anything but a toy one and can only envy the man who has the privilege of playing with it. Twice a day he locks the door and comes up the broad walk to the College with a tin box containing the mail for the Faculty and Students, which is distributed by Miss Nowell in our own especial Post Office.

Straight from the Station there leads a broad walk, a quarter of a mile long, ending at the College door. This walk has a gentle slope and is broken by two short flights of stone steps, the walk itself being of asphaltum. This may seem a trivial fact and too prosiac to mention but from the material the walk takes its name and "Come out on The Asphaltum" is the form an invitation to promenade assumes at Swarthmore. They carry this simple and definite system of nomenclature still further and besides "The Asphaltum" we have "The Board Walk" and "The Ash Path!"

The College proper—do you like Statistics?—is a long building with a wing at each end and a "Centre." To Wellesley I need say no more. The entire building is 348 feet long; the Centre is 60x120 and the wing 92. It was chartered in 1864, and built in 1866 at a cost of $350,000. The wings contain recitation rooms on the first floor and sleeping rooms above; other recitation and sleeping rooms extend on each side from the

Centre, the boys occupying the western, the girls eastern portion of the building, with the Centre and recitation rooms common to both. In the Centre are the parlors, one on each side of the front entrance, and on the first floor stretches back the long dining room with the kitchen, housekeeper's room and our "Domestic Hall" at the rear. Over the dining room is the Study, where the Freshmen and Students of the Preparatory School sit, when not in recitations—a large pleasant room with many rows of single desks producing a general sensation of green felt. Back of the study are two recitation rooms one of which is my own, and farther back, rooms for Students. The study has a gallery above where the other College classes sit at morning Collection, and on the fourth floor there is the Museum in this place. Opposite the study room on the second floor are the library and reading room, pleasant, cheerful and homelike. The library is small now, as it has not yet recovered from the fire of 1871 when the College was destroyed, but we have many valuable first editions and rare books that would fill a collector's heart with envy. Swarthmore, by the way, takes its name from Swarthmore Hall in England, the early home of George Fox and from the name of the College, the name of the town is derived.

Besides the College Building we have Science Hall, built in 1881 at a cost of $30,000, the gift of Samuel Willets and Joseph Wharton, prominent members of the Society of Friends; the Observatory given by Joseph Wharton and Deborah, his mother, and very finely equipped, the equatorial being the exact reproduction in one-sixth the size of the famous Lick telescope and made by the same firm. The house of the *Professorin* of Mathematics and Astronomy joins the Observatory, a most charming house and presided over by a woman who is no less effective as a home keeper than as a mathematician. The meeting house, small and plain, but cheery and homelike, the President's house and the West house, the birthplace of the painter, make up the College buildings.

Life at Swarthmore is peaceful and eminently sane. We do not live in a frantic wish to do the next thing, and hurry of any sort seems rather surprising. Perhaps the silences that drop into our days with a sweet and restful peace account for this. It is a great thing in America and the nineteenth century actually to take time to be still, to sit with folded hands and passive brain and "do" nothing. Our School day begins with the meeting of all the Students in the Study Hall at eight o'clock. As the Students collect, the meeting is called a "Collection" and this name is given to any general assembling of the Student body. Sometimes the President reads from the Bible, sometimes he has some few earnest friendly words to give the Students, sometimes the matron reads or speaks, but, always there is the soft beautiful silence and often only that, while all sit in perfect stillness till the holy peace is fairly visible. At 8.15 recitations begin and continue, with a recess at 9.45 of fifteen minutes, untill 11.30, when morning school is over. The afternoon session lasts without interruption from 1.30 till 3.45 and then tennis, foot-ball, walks, exercise and play generally claim the attention of the majority. The Twilight Bell rings now at five, summoning all within doors and no one goes out again without permission. After supper there is a social hour, when young men and maidens flock to the parlor and hold an informal reception, which on Sunday and Wednesday is changed to a "Choral Evening" with hymns for Sunday and College Songs for "Fourth Day." At 7.15 the bell rings for Evening Collection, when all Students of the Preparatory School go to the Study room, the College Students to their own rooms, and until 8.30 no sound breaks the stillness of diligent labor. The Students are supposed to study for the remainder of the evening, but some freedom of choice is allowed, providing that those who wish to work are not disturbed. At 9.45 the warning bell rings, and lights go out unceremoniously at 10 and the Swarthmore day has ended.

However I have omitted an especially important factor because I felt that it deserved a paragraph all by itself. Let me tell you of our meal times and the Swarthmore customs of the dining room. The rising bell rings at the merciless hour of 6.20, the second bell at 6.50 and the breakfast bell at 7. I can see the pitying smile on the faces of last year's Simpson family as I relate this piece of inhumanity, and I wish to add that I have only been late twice and on one of those occasions I was going away and had many things to do. Dinner

is at noon and supper at six, after the old Pennsylvania fashion. The dining room doors close three minutes after the hour and the unfortunate Student who "failed to hear the bell" is required to enter at the door by the Matron's table and register his name on a paper kept for the purpose. Tardiness at meal times goes in with the general record of attendance. Each meal begins with a Silence. The students all "fall into Silence" as the quaint phrase puts it, upon taking their seats and the quiet is broken by a bell at the Matron's table. Boys and girls sit at the same table and mingle in pleasant brotherly and sisterly relation in the various phases of College life. The boys remain standing till the girls are seated and on leaving the table pull back and replace the chairs. The boys also wait on the table. How this reversal of affairs would please the Wellesley mind! Carrie Williamson of '89 spent a day with me and this inspiring and chivalrous sight won her heart for Swarthmore. At breakfast Students are excused by the table teacher when they have finished the meal, but at dinner and supper no one leaves the Dining room till a bell at the Matron's table gives the signal for Silence, followed by another bell announcing the end of the meal. Dinner lasts on an average some 45 minutes and supper 30. By the time one reaches the Senior year he has learned to calculate and the upper classes are seldom seen waiting for the bell. But the new Students who perhaps have been accustomed to the "five minutes for refreshments" habit find the ceremony here at first wearisome enough. I had one such at my table, a young lad who last year went to Philadelphia to school daily from his home in a neighboring town and who had been obliged to "eat and run." He dispatched his dinner in ten minutes and the increasing agony with which he sat,or rather writhed, through the remaining thirty was funny to see. To add to his misery he did not know a soul at the table and I'm afraid he hated us all. He certainly looked it and I have never seen such acute wretchedness on a youthful face. We finally succeeded in making him take himself as a joke and now he has rallied and is quite a gay member of the table.

I have a very pleasant meal-time company—six boys and four girls. We rejoice in one boy who is on the foot-ball team and are growing wise in the mysteries of this popular sport. We talk about "Rush lines," "half back," "touch down," "tackling," "drop kicks from the field" with the familiarity of intimate acquaintance. Indeed, at this season, foot-ball is the only approved sport and all turn out to witness the games between our Eleven and other Colleges,while almost every day it is announced at dinner that "there will be a practice game this afternoon and the ladies are invited." The game between Swarthmore and its great rival Haverford was the most exciting, though the second half was played in a pouring rain that did not in the least dampen the enthusiasm.

Work and play go on inequal measure. There are two departments, the College and the Prepatory school, with about three hundred Students in all, about one hundred being women and girls. I have four classes, all in the Preparatory Department or "Preps," three classes in Latin, Caesar, Virgil and a Beginning class on which I can exercise "translation at hearing" in every tortuous form—and one class in English or rather American literature—a large class of forty-eight, two thirds of them being boys. It is needless to say that I do heartily enjoy my work and my students.

The literary life of the college is fostered by the literary societies, two for young men, the Eunonian and the Adelphic, and one for the young women, the Somerville, divided into two chapters. One Greek letter fraternity, Phi Kappa Psi, is also established here. The Juniors and Seniors in Latin meet every two weeks for an informal evening looking at classical pictures and talking and reading about or about them allied themes. We are reading "Marius the Epicurean" as part of the entertainment.

I have a large and pleasant room on the third floor front and from my three windows "all in a row" like Mistress Mary's garden maids, I have a view of wide fields, low hills in the distance and far away the silver strip of the Delaware. To my Wellesley friends it would all look very familiar as I carry my Lares and Penates to all my successive places of abode. The student rooms are small,unfortunately,but the study and reading room can be utilized for work and the foot-ball field offers to the boys,and the girls' parlors to the girls,a place for many leisure hours. The girls' parlors are two bright cheery rooms on the first floor, with a glow-

ing grate fire burning merrily and tempting to rest and dreaming. The pleasant sitting room of the matron is near and the whole forms a very charming and homelike suite. Once a week the matron meets the girls for a little talk and report of exercises taken or neglected—I'm happy to say nearly all the girls are "perfect" in this respect and take their hour in the open air daily. Gymnastics begin soon for the girls, who have a special teacher. The boys are under the care of a trainer and we have a new athletic track and field, "Whittier field" that is a source of pride to all.

Coeducation at Swarthmore is perfect. The pleasantest relation exists between the young people without any "nonsense" as Edmund Sparker says, and with a deal of very pretty and respectful chivalry and courtesy on the part of the boys. Personalities are odious and I shall not attempt a description of those to whom we look for guidance but I can at least be allowed to say that we have the ideal matron and that as acting President the right man is in the right place. The students are treated with courtesy and thorough reasonableness; rules are few and their necessity is explained so that each student feels that he is not merely blindly submissive to an arbitrary system but that he is a responsible factor in the life of a community.

Sundays everyone is expected to go to Friends Meeting in the little Meeting House. Thither all repair, clad cheerfully in Sunday best. First the students recite verses, rising by classes, beginning with the Seniors. The President or the Matron reads or talks, perhaps, or some Friend is moved to speak, but more often there is only the long sweet silence broken at last by the President, as he makes a sign to the first Senior, and all file circumspectly away, stopping at will for a word of greeting in the wide pleasant porch. Thus quietly begins our week with "First Day," the week whose pleasant, harmonious life I have tried to picture for you. One learns to love Swarthmore with a real emotion, I think, and it is said that her children feel for her even more affection than is usually given to Alma Mater. The old students who have left her protecting care are continually coming back for a day of the old sunshine and there seems to linger in their hearts a pleasant and fond memory of her kindliness. There are grander Colleges, there are doubtless more perfect ones, but there are few that are more beloved.

With pleasant recollections of fair Wellesley, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Florence Lincoln Yost.

A REQUEST.

At last "Wellesley has her Glee Club, and she is happy but she is not satisfied."—and this time the Glee Club is not satisfied. The especial aim of a College Glee Club is to sing college music, but what is to be the case when there is no college music to be sung. Wellesley can boast of two college songs. "The College Beautiful," and "Alma Mater," but there the tale ends, and the Glee Club confesses itself at loss. Such a state of affairs as a College of the size of Wellesley, with but two college songs, could hardly exist had the attention of the students ever been called to it, and the Glee Club, therefore, would like to present an earnest plea that all who can and will write words, or music, or both, for Wellesley, college songs, shall do so without delay. It would seem no small inducement to effort in this directione that successful authors and composers will hear themselves made illustrious on the occasion of the concert which the club hopes to give next term.

Miss Perrin, '91, will be pleased to receive any contributions of such a character, and is it not possible that we may soon have some ringing, Wellesley songs, which can and will be sung, not merely by the glee club, but by everyone in college, for in that way, as in the good old custom which holds in some of our colleges, where all the students gather to sing together on "chapel steps," can we gain a pleasure and a unity which only music gives.

Anne Bosworth, '90.

May I reach
That purest heaven—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

—*George Eliot.*

THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Dec. 8, Prof. Townsend, of Boston University, preached from the text Rom. 8 : 19; "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." On Thursday evening in place of the regular prayer-meeting, Dr. Schauffler spoke of his work among the Bohemians in this country.

* * *

The little village restaurant must have felt decidedly surprised at the transformation it underwent on Saturday, Nov. 30th; but in the alcove, where on ordinary Saturday nights solitary suppers of brown bread and baked beans are eaten, stood a long table, adorned with pretty lamps, china and flowers, with a dainty birch-bark meatnu card each plate. The reason for this gayety was the celebration of three birthdays. It was '89—always original and thoughtful—who invited three of her number, whose birthdays come in "chill November," to this dainty supper. Let no one ever again disparage November as a natal month. That all Prelude readers may have at least an imaginative taste of that happy festival, the menu is added.

Menu.

Auqa Arup.
Sretsyo à la H. B. G'win.
Mah (without) Sgge.
Tiucsib nialp.
Daerb desserd htiw rettub.
Etalocohc à la emèrc.
Sessik. Serialcé.
Snooracam.
Noitpecer maerc.

* * *

The Shakespeare Society has rarely passed a pleasanter evening than that of Saturday, Dec. 7. Would that the spirit of the historic Shakespeare might have beheld the picturesque impersonations of thirty of his immortal characters assembled in the Wood dining-room. He would have seen Lorenzo waltzing with Miranda, and Romeo dancing attendance upon Jessica, Juliet leaning upon Petruchio's arm, and Lady Macbeth guiding Ariel through a schottische, while nimble Gobbo cleared away the chairs and Caliban looked on stupidly. From time to time the several actors gathered in some corner and gave their scene, often so naturally that it seemed more real than their audience. This was especially true of the exquisite moonlight scenes between Jessica and Lorenzo and Romeo and Juliet. The splendid light of the full moon poured through the wide windows, and never was there a more realistic stage setting. Later in the evening refreshments were served in Elizabethan fashion. Toasts, cheers, and songs followed the passing of the sack-cups and the festivities ended long after the retiring-bell had rung, with "Auld Lang Syne" and three times three for the Shakespeare Society. The program was as follow :—

Comedy of Errors. Act V, Scene 1.

Duke,	Miss Wade
Abbess,	Miss Thorn
Adriana,	Miss Bock
Antipholus of Ephesus,	Miss C. Green
Antipholus of Syracuse,	Miss E. Green
Dromio of Ephesus,	Miss R. Morrill
Dromio of Syracuse,	Miss L. Morrill

Taming of the Shrew. Act II, Scene 1.

Katharina,	Miss Young
Bianca,	Miss Paton
Petruchio,	Miss Pleasants
Baptista,	Miss Stevens

The Tempest. Act III, Scene 2.

Ariel,	Miss Foster
Caliban,	Miss Ingalls

The Tempest. Act III, Scene 1.

Ferdinand,	Miss Nye
Miranda,	Miss Look

The Winter's Tale. Act IV, Scene 2.

Antolycus,	Miss Wilkinson
Clown,	Miss Dunlap

Macbeth. Act V, Scene 1.

Doctor,	Miss Palmer
Gentlewoman,	Miss Hardon
Lady Macbeth,	Miss Spaulding

Merchant of Venice. Act II, Scene 2.

Launcelot Gobbo,	Miss Norton
Old Gobbo,	Miss Orton

Merchant of Venice. Act V, Scene 1.

Jessica,	Miss Converse
Lorenzo,	Miss Stimson

Much Ado About Nothing. Act III, Scene 3.

Dogberry,	Miss Baldwin
Verges,	Miss Miller
Watch,	Miss Squires

Romeo and Juliet. Act III, Scene 5.

Romeo,	Miss Reed
Juliet,	Miss Glover

The Museum was bright with the gleam of many lamps, and alive with the interested exclamations and questions of many guests, on the occasion of the Scientific exhibit given by the Microscopical Society, Saturday evening, Dec. 7. About seventy microscopes were in use, and several tables were assigned to other than microscopical work, although it was not the intention on this occasion, as on the decennial anniversary of the Society, to represent all departments of science in the college. As guests ascended the stairs they first came to the Zoological tables. Here interesting types of each group of invertebrates were shown, and living colonies of Vorticellidae, Obelia, Tubularia, and living specimens of Stentor and Hydra Fusca. Glass models of various forms of Coelentera remarkably exhibited the exquisite structure of this group. Starfishes, young and adult, and parts of insects and worms showed the wonderful variety of forms in nature. As usual however the crowd of observers was most dense where that martyr to scientific discovery, the poor frog, lay with his little web stretched out so that the swift flow of the life blood could be watched. On the Botanical tables the subjects selected for the display of the evening were Histology, marine, and fresh water Algae, Lichens, and Fungi, with some few slides in Mosses, and showing the development of pollen grains. The perfection of the mounting and double staining of the Histological slides attracted especial attention. On the Mineralogical table, the granite group was the one displayed. Thin sections were under the Lithological microscope, and the components of the granite, quartz, feldspar, and mica were shown in mass in all their various and often precious forms of beauty. From the department of Physics a choice collection of objects were displayed with polarized light, such as crystals of salicene, and figures in selenite, and blocks of unannealed glass, with parallel rays, and superb hyperbolas of color in compound crystals of quartz, with converging rays. Some optical illusions were arranged with mirrors, plane and concave. Photographs of microscopic and ordinary objects, taken by members of the Society, were shown in considerable variety, while Muybridge's famous instantaneous photographs of animals in motion, excited much interest, as shown with the Zoetrope. Crook's radiometers were active with the radiations of lamps and candles, next to the Meteorological exhibit, which consisted of specimen papers of the various self-recording instruments in use in the college, of reports, record books, and graphical plots of local phenomena for several years back. On other tables were specimens of remarkable beauty from the Society's collection, under microscopes, and grouped together, also slides noticeable for some special display of skill in mounting. Much interest was also manifested in the exhibit of birds in the various stages of taxidermy by the Curator of the Museum. For his assistance and that of some others from the different departments of science, who are not its members, the Society is grateful.

* * *

An unusually pleasant reminder of the generally deplored flight of time was given us last Monday, Dec. 9, in the shape of a reception, held at the new cottage of Dana Hall, by the Misses Eastman, in honor of Mrs. Jones' birthday. It might well seem to the guests that this year had carried them more breathlessly even than the ordinary Wellesley year, for they were the same who had gathered at the last celebration of this anniversary, but then all had appeared as belonging to the eighteenth century at the latest. No traces of that remained now; and we can settle with authority the vexed debate as to the world's tendency, for surely this surpassed even the "good old times." The Misses Eastman were assisted in receiving by several of the teachers and by the Junior class and the Senior Specials of Dana Hall; and the hostesses made sure that nothing pleasant was lacking to their guests. A few words spoken by Mrs. Jones in remembrance of past anniversaries and recognition of the tribute paid her at this one were the signal for the close of what was certainly to all her well-wishers present a happy birthday.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Merry Christmas!

Hints for vacation—Write a story for the Prelude.

Let no one think that the enthusiasm of the Hare and Hounds Club is dying out because for sometime there has been no meet. Friend, it is the weather.

A Convention was held in Boston on Friday and Saturday of last week to discuss the adoption of a uniform system in physical culture. Miss Hill not only read a characteristic paper but had the honor of being elected member of an important committee.

Prof. Coman's article on the College Settlement, which appeared in a recent number of the Prelude, has been re-printed in pamphlet form and bound in dainty covers of white and gold. A limited number of these booklets will be on sale next week at the College book-store.

A SEPIA sketch of the Norumbega Tower and a copy of the inscription on the tablet within, have been brought to the Art Building for safe keeping by Prof. Horsford. They were previously on exhibition at Watertown.

MRS. PAUL gave a Washington party, Friday night. Everyone who hails from Washington was so fortunate as to receive an invitation. The guests discussed chocolate and the reunion of the Washington-Wellesley Association which is to take place during the holidays.

ON Saturday, Dec. 7, Miss Katherine Coman gave a parlor talk in Boston upon college settlements. It was the third in a series of talks upon ethical subjects, given under the auspices of Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Claflin and other Boston women. Miss Coman repeated her talk Sunday morning for the benefit of the Seniors.

OUR foreign letter unfortunately has been crowded out of this number but we are happy to state that a letter from Miss Pendleton will appear in the first number after Christmas. The readers of the PRELUDE will be sorry to learn that a letter from Miss Montague has been lost in the mails somewhere between Cambridge and Wellesley.

THE Senior Latin class has organized a club. The learned members are to meet once a week and to discuss some subject of interest. For instance, last Wednesday the topic was Venice. What excites the wonder and admiration of the College in general is that the conversational medium is to be Latin, and that alone. The question now arises whether this ancient tongue can still with propriety be called a dead language. The point is open for discussion.

THE Musician's Calendar for 1890, arranged by Mr. Frank E. Morse is now on sale at the college bookstore. It appears this year in a new and attractive garb of red and gold and bears the portrait of Prof. John Knowles Paine of Harvard College, a man who is the representative composer of the country. The calendar is almost exclusively American in its selection of authors and it contains, beside appropriate quotations and notices of Church Days, the dates of the birth of prominent American musicians.

☞Copies of the PRELUDE can be obtained of Miss Emily Howard Foley in the Second Floor Centre, from 10.35 to 10.55 o'clock every morning (except Sunday and Monday). For sale in the village by W. H. Flagg.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

AT the State Convention of the Society of Christian Endeavor, held at Saratoga, N. Y., Oct. 23, Miss Belle Preston, student at Wellesley '80-'81, read an excellent paper upon Serviceability, taking for her theme the last clause of Article II of the Constitution. "To make them more useful in the service of God."

THE meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was held at Claflin Hall, Boston University, on Saturday, Nov. 23, and it is to be regretted that more could not have listened to the interesting paper upon University Extension read by Miss Anna Dawes Brown. Her presentation of this problem showed a thorough grasp of the subject, with clear and practical views as to its development, and her grace of manner held the closest attention of her listeners. Mrs. Palmer spoke of the beginnings of University Extension at Harvard, dwelling chiefly upon the lines of work, the numbers availing themselves of its advantages and its future prospects. A brief discussion of the subject was followed by the election of officers and transaction of other business. From the Wellesley Alumnae were present Miss Capron, '82, Miss K. P. Jones and Miss Morse of '84. Mrs. Susan Maine Silver, '86, and Miss Henrietta Wells, '87.

DIED.

At Kalamazoo, Mich., Dec. 3, Mrs. Helen Briggs Mills, '80.

The class of '80 is for the second time within the past month, and for the sixth since graduation, called to lament the loss of one of its members. Mrs. Helen Briggs Mills, whose sunny, gentle and self-forgetful disposition so endeared her to her many friends and whose happy-hearted devotion to her husband and her two beautiful baby-girls made the little rectory at Newton Highlands so bright, was seized by sudden insanity Tuesday last at her new home in Kalamazoo, Mich., and took her own life, attempting, though unsuccessfully, the life of her younger daughter. It was made evident by a letter which Mrs. Mills left for her husband that she recognized the disease which had come upon her and desired in dying to take her baby with her, as she felt that the child was too young to be parted from its mother's care. The class-mates of Mrs. Mills, who knew her but to love her, who have often rejoiced with her in her home happiness, would extend their deepest and saddest sympathy to the two grief-smitten households in East Douglas and Kalamazoo.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE Intercollegiate Lacrosse League is composed of teams from Princeton, Harvard, Lehigh and Stevens Institute.

BY the will of the late J. Warren Merrill, of Cambridge Mass., Colby University, Brown University and Vassar College each receive $10,000.

Hon. George F. Hoar has contributed several hundred government publications and some rare works from his private library to Clarke University.

EDWARD BELLAMY, the author of the now celebrated "Looking Backward," was a classmate of President Webster, of Union College, in Union's class of 1868.

THE Sophomores at Princeton are renowned for their athletic abilities. The class now holds the college championship in base-ball, lawn tennis and lacrosse.

IN the University of Cambridge, England, there are twenty-one different colleges, each one of which has its individual boat crew and cricket team.

THE venerable Dr. Francis Bowen, after forty years of service, has resigned the Moral Philosophy chair at Harvard, but will be retained as emeritus professor.

THE Vassar Student's Aid Society is a new organization at the college. This association has undertaken the heavy task of obtaining the addresses of all the non-graduates. Definite information has been received of the whereabouts of about 1,200.

THE Nation, in its "Correspondence" column, publishes a letter protesting against the indifference to the study of pedegogy, shown at all the universities in this country, and at Harvard most notably because that is the largest and most progressive of the colleges. —*Ex.*

THE appointment of William T. Harris, LL. D., to be United States Commissioner of Education, is one to be highly commended. Mr. Harris has been a teacher all his life, having devoted himself thoroughly to the theories and the practice of education. For many years he was superintendent of the schools of St. Louis, and he has most intimate knowledge of the duties and requirements of his new position.—*Ex.*

PROF. G. F. Wright of Oberlin has recently come into possession of a small clay image that is attracting interest among scientific men. It was brought up from an artesian well near Boise City, Idaho. The image is about an inch and a half high and is well carved. Its genuineness is being thoroughly investigated by the professor. Should it be proved, the antiquity of man on this continent is put farther back than it has been placed by any paleolithic implements yet found.

WABAN RIPPLES.

A SOPHOMORE, visiting one of the museums in Cambridge, beholds with awe the skeleton of the whale and with a comprehending sigh exclaims: "Now I know how the whale swallowed Noah."

TEACHER: In the lines

"Who by the universal squares his life
He only conquers in the strife,"

between what terms does "by" show the relation?

TOMMY, (*with a sudden inspiration*): Between "who" and the "universal squares."

"The odes on Shakespeare, Time and Music
Must be learned," Miss — had said,
And as "Unprepared" each maiden murmured,
Gloom settled on that forehead dread.
But one small maid with look sublime
Glanced up from conning o'er her rhyme.
"I'm working now," she said, "on 'Time.'"

A CANDIDATE FOR OUR BOARD OF EXAMINERS.

WELLESLEY Senior, (*with well feigned interest considering the lowliness of the subject*): What are you studying now in History?

DANA Hall Girl, (*with becoming modesty of demeanor*): We have Solon for to-day's lesson.

W. S: Ah, then you are in Roman History.

D. H. G, (*with superb politeness*): Yes, almost.

Said an artistic, gay Sen-i-or,
Now I'll make one class-photograph more;
To the village I'll go—
To the new studio—
Which is painted the tints I adore.
* * * * * *
She came, she saw, she died— –
Right there by the studio pied!
The sight of its color
So filled her with dolor,
She no longer on earth could abide

A DEVOURING PASSION

Far severed from his loved one
His heart with passion burns,
And, camping in the wild-woods,
To writing now he turns
As solace to his anguish.
In telling of his pain,
Sheet after sheet he closely fills
In passion's flowery strain.
At last reflection stops him.
"She'd like to hear, I know,
About our daily doings
And camping-life." And so,
"The food is very poor," he writes,
"And not half-cooked—'tis true
It's rather fun—but oh, my love,
I hunger so for you!"

OUR OUTLOOK.

There is a marked increase in the number of women students at the Buffalo (N. Y.) Medical College this term. There are about twenty-five women who attend the lectures. The class includes several wives of physicians.

Mrs. N. Gray Bartlett, of Chicago, the wife of a prominent analytic chemist, has discovered a process by which photographic pictures can be developed without the old-time operation of washing in a dark room and staining the fingers. The pictures produced by Mrs. Bartlett's process have the appearance of fine etchings. This discovery removes one of the greatest drawbacks to photography as a recreation.

The writer of "Universalist Notes" in the November *Unitarian* says:

At Tufts, the question of the admission of women to the college recurs with every commencement; and, unless the trustees have been greatly misunderstood, all that the friends of co-education have to do is to raise the funds necessary for a boarding hall for young women, and there would be no serious objection to their admission. In all other institutions, the young men and women study together, to the advantage and satisfaction of both.

Rhoda and Agnes Garrett are younger sisters of Mrs. Fawcett, widow of the late Postmaster General of England. Several years ago they began the study of house decoration under an architect. They were the first women decorators in England and by thoroughly fitting themselves at first, finally won the place they deserved. Tapestry, wall papers, friezes, grates, chandeliers, etc., are designed by these women, and though slight in body, either can climb a scaffolding and lying on her back sketch and fill out the fresco work of a ceiling. They are happy in their work, are entrusted to finish many costly houses, have earned a handsome living, and the social recognition which now comes to any woman who succeeds in honest work.

The number of women exhibitors at the Paris Exhibition greatly exceeds that on any previous occasion. More than two hundred women exhibit works of art in the Champ de Mars. About eighty of these are French; the rest are divided among the other countries. England contributes fifteen lady exhibitors, Austria and Hungary three, Denmark seven, Spain five, the United States twenty, Finland eight, Greece eight, Italy four, Norway twelve, Holland seventeen, Russia eleven, Servia and Roumania one each, Sweden twenty-five, Switzerland five, with seven more classed as cosmopolitan, and some half-dozen whose works are distributed about in the different pavilions, principally those erected by the republics of South America.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Atlantic Monthly for December.—Edwin Lassetter Bynner, in "The Old Bunch of Grapes Tavern," describes an old inn which was concerned in varied aspects of Boston's history.—"December Out-of-Doors," by Bradford Torrey, is a pleasant, breezy article, interesting even to "those people so numerous and at the same time so much to be pitied, who have never studied ornithology."—In "Architecture in the West," Henry Van Brunt characterises the art at present in vogue there as "vernacular," but looks for the source of architectural reform to Chicago, where a school is arising which is destined to be the exponent of our civilization.—Those who heard Prof. Lawton's recent lecture will read with peculiar pleasure his article on "Delphi: the Locality and its Legends."—"Border Warfare of the Revolution" is treated of in a finely written article by John Fiske.—The imperative need of frequent periods of rest for teachers and students is recognized by Prof. N. S. Shaler, in "School Vacations," but he proposes to utilize the long summer vacations for training in scientific work, quoting the example of the summer school at Harvard.—In view of the recent Pan-American Conference, Albart G. Browne, in an article on "Latin and Saxon America," presents cogent historical arguments against a political or commercial league of the United States with Spanish America.—"The Later years of William Lloyd Garrison" and "The Century Dictionary" are ably reviewed.

There is the flavor of the true Christmas spirit in the *December Harper's Monthly*. In opening upon Andrew Lang's commentary of Abbey's Illustrations of Merry Wives of Windsor one must be strangely insensible who does not feel a tingle of some of the joy in the air. One of the stories is Hardy's "First Countess of Wessex" illustrated by Alfred Parsons. Many glimpses of old times and modern art come in the "Flight into Egypt." Then the fascination of Russian art holds us throughout an article profuse in illustrations of the earnest artist thought of the race. Stories follow in quick succession each with its appeal to some phase of character—"A Golden Wedding," "The Twelfth Guest," "The Song of the Opal," and "Medusa's Head"—human, pathetic, romantic or racy, each has its turn. Even those outside the charmed circle of musicians will be won over to a new departure in the art by Haweis' eloquent plea for sacred opera in his "Oratorio and Drama." A dainty dream-like sketch of a Ghost by Lafcadio Hearn is delicious. When one has sipped at these sweets tinct now and anon with song and ballad he is ready for the cosy depths of the Easy Chair to listen either to Christmas chimes or to Christmas sermonizing. But time would not suffice to but merely hint of the cakes and ale, the nuts of rich jokes, and plums from Jack Horner's Christmas pie, well known to story, with which this feast of fat things concludes. But through all and best of all is the light of Christmas smiles and the warmth of Christmas love and "good will to men."

BOOK REVIEWS.

The State Elements of Historical and Practical Politics. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph. D., LL.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $2.00. The author of *Congressional Government* needs no introduction to the American public, and anything from his pen will be received with interest. In his present work, Dr. Wilson enters a field in which, as he himself says, he is almost a pioneer. Perhaps the two best known books of somewhat similar intention are Aristotle's *Politics*, and Bluntschli's *Theory of the State*, but the historical view of the one is necessarily limited to the Hellenic State, and in the other, the question of practical politics is made subordinate to a consideration of political theories. Dr. Wilson, on the contrary, gives but a few chapters to the discussion of theories regarding the nature, origin, and functions of government in general; by far the larger part of this bulky volume of 668 pages is devoted to a consideration of the historical forms of government. Moreover, this book is addressed especially to students and is intended for class room use. Dr. Wilson begins his work with a brief discussion of the probable origin and early development of government. He then gives in turn an outline of the form of the most important governments of ancient and modern times, in each case bringing the subject up to date. Greece, Rome, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Sweden, England and the United States, are all treated in this way, and great skill is shown in bringing out the important and characteristic features of each government, and at each state of development. It would be difficult to imagine a better brief account of our own government than the one which Dr. Wilson has succeeded in condensing into the 120 pages devoted to this subject. Of special interest to American students, are the chapters which treat of the two Federal governments of the continent, Germany and Switzerland. The institutions of the latter country have received far too little attention heretofore. Of special interest also, are the chapters on English local government, and on the government of the English colonies. The book closes with four chapters on the "Nature and Functions of government." Dr. Wilson's aim was to prepare a book primarily for class-room use, an outline of the subject to be supplemented by extended reading and lectures, and he has succeeded admirably in this. But his work appears not only to students, but also to that class, small but rapidly increasing, which finds in the study of Political Science in all its branches the best preparation for the duties and responsibilities of the citizen. The value of Dr. Wilson's work is greatly increased by the care shown in the details of arrangement. The book is furnished with a very full topical analysis, and there is a good index. Each subject is arranged in paragraphs with prominent headings, and lists of representative authorities are appended to every chapter. Cross-references also are frequently given. Print and paper are thoroughly satisfactory, but the binding seems hardly equal to the weight of the book.

The Lily Among Thorns, by William Griffis, D. D. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. The book before us is the result of the studies "conamore" of a pastor and preacher, who, casting aside the traditional and allegorical method of interpretation, has, under the guidance of the great Hebraists, for whom this century is distinguished, gone to the original text to find out what it says. The result is a book, fresh, charming, alive. As a preparation for, and introduction to the *Song of Songs*, the author has given a few thoughts on "Theory and Interpretation;" a chapter on "The Life and Times of King Solomon" and one on the "Dramatic Structure of the Poem." Next we find the poem itself, arranged as a drama, followed by Dr. Griffis' own translation of and comments upon many portions. Thus presented, the "*Song of Songs*" appears as a unit, consistent with itself, as well as a consummate work of art. A professor of the Shemitic Literature and Language says he himself knows of forty-seven different interpretations of this poem among Christian scholars alone. In the face of this statement, it would be idle to assume that the last word concerning it has been spoken; on the other hand, we may welcome "*The Lily among Thorns*" as a genuine and helpful contribution to, if not a final interpretation of that portion of the *Old Testament* which has been not inaptly termed "a literary and linguistic riddle."

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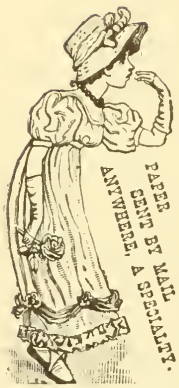

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